

The Green Pea Pirates

By PETER B. KYNE

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"Webster—Man's Man,"
"The Valley of the
Giants," Etc.

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(Continued from page nine)

Few men could withstand Mr. Gibney once he got to close quarters. Tabu-Tabu wrapped his long arms around the commodore and endeavored to smother his blows, but Mr. Gibney would not be denied. His great fist shot upward from the hip and connected with the cannibal's chin. Tabu-Tabu relaxed his hold, Mr. Gibney followed with left and right to the head in quick succession, and McGuffey was counting the fatal ten over the fallen warrior.



Mr. Gibney grinned rather foolishly, spat, and spoke to McGuffey, so voice: "By George, the joke ain't all on Seraggy," he said. Then turning to Captain Seraggy: "Help yourself to the mustard, Seraggy, old taro!"

Captain Seraggy took off his hat, rolled up his sleeves, and made a dive for the royal presence. His majesty,

lacking the scientific training of his prime minister, seized a handful of the Seraggy's mustard and tore at it greedily. A well-directed kick in the shins, however, caused him to let go, and a moment later he was flying up the beach with the angry Seraggy in full cry after him. McGuffey headed the king off and rounded him up so Seraggy could get at him, and the latter at once "ding in" like a corner.

After five minutes of mauling and bearing Captain Seraggy was out of breath, so he let go and stood off a few feet to size up the situation. The wicked McGuffey was laughing immediately, but to Seraggy it was no laughing matter. The fact of the matter was the king was dangerous and Seraggy had gutted himself with revenge.

"I don't want to beat an old man to death," he gasped finally. "I'll let the scoundrel go. He's had enough and he won't fight. Let's move along back to the schooner and leave them here to amuse themselves the best way they know how."

"Right-O," said Mr. Gibney, and turned to walk down the beach to the boat. A second later a hoarse scream of rage and terror broke from his lips. "What's up?" cried McGuffey, the laughter dying out of his voice, for there was a hint of death in Mr. Gibney's cry.

"Murdered!" said the commodore hoarsely. "Those two sailors have pulled back to the schooner, and—there—look, Mac! My Gwaid!"

McGuffey looked, and his face went whiter than the foaming breakers beyond which he could see Maggie II. Under full sail, headed for the open sea. The small boat had been picked up, and there was no doubt that at her present rate of speed the schooner would be hulled down on the horizon by sunset.

"The murderin' hound," whispered McGuffey, and sagged down on the sands. "Oh, the murderin' hound of a mate!"

"It's—It's nothing," gulped Captain Seraggy in a hoarse, strained voice. "That bloody fiend of a mate! The sly sneak-thief, with his pleasant smile and his wittin' ways! Saw a chance to steal the Maggie and her rich cargo, and he's leavin' us here, marooned on a desert island, with two cannibals."

Captain Seraggy fairly shrieked the last two words and burst into tears. "Lord, Gib, old man," he raved, "what-ever will we do?"

Thus appealed to, the doughty commodore permitted his two unmatched optics to rest mournfully upon his shipmates.

He gulped and thoughtfully rubbed the knuckles of his right hand where the skin was barked off. He thought of the silly joke he and McGuffey had thought to perpetrate on Captain Seraggy by leading him up against a beating at the hands of a cannibal king, and with the thought came a grim, hard chuckle, though there was the look of a thousand devils in his eyes.

"Well, Mac, old sporty boy, I guess there ain't much to do except to make up our minds to die like gentlemen. If I was ever fooled by a man in my life, I was fooled by that doggone mate. I thought he'd tote square with the syndicate. I sure did."

For a long time McGuffey gazed seaward. He was slower than his shipmates in making up his mind that the mate had really deserted them and sailed away with the fortunes of the syndicate. Of the three, however, the stoical engineer accepted the situation with the best grace. He spurned the white sand with his foot and faced Mr. Gibney and Captain Seraggy with just the suspicion of a grin on his homely face.

"I make a motion," he said, "that the syndicate pass a resolution condemning the action of the mate."

It was a forlorn hope, and the jest went over the heads of the deck department. Said Mr. Gibney sadly:

"There ain't no more Maggie II syndicate."

(Continued next week)

Alma High School Notes

The incoming Freshman class, which made its debut about the building on Monday, numbers forty-five. Those who entered the school at the beginning of the second semester are: Emerson Archer, Dale Richard, Carl Garland, Gerald Mayes, Kendall Hicks, Clayton Kennett, Archie Caswell, James Carter, William Wilber, Thomas Wyllys, Keith Lyon, Thomas McLann, Lavern Sharp, William Randolph, Gordon Lamb, Phil Losey, John Archer, Vernon Lockwood, Stanley Warner, Willard Sutton, Walter Bench, Geraldine Holmes, Sylvia Wheeler, Mable Plowman, Lulu Blackford, Golda Fitzgerald, Ellena Mockridge, Grace Allen, Katherine Leimer, Esther Richardson, Lucille Walker, Stella Donigan, Arlene Ogden, Florence Shuser, Marie Wilber, Helen Voller, Mildred Fitzgerald, Theo Cresser, Carolyn Wimple, Beatrice Markham, Margaret Conlin, Alice Grobel, Margaret Reynolds, Gertrude Williams, Isabel McKee and Werner Mitchell. The influx of so many from the Washington school necessitates the setting of most of the new arrivals in the balcony of the assembly room.

The class as a whole is not at all unusual either in appearance or in size. It contains no freaks nor curios. Not one, from the largest down to the class child, William Randolph, has as yet shown any particular cockiness nor has anyone uncooked that exuberance of youth so peculiar to high school Freshmen. A certain restraining timidity has overshadowed all the activities of the class, which has yet to show its merits and demerits.

Cecil Wallis, Clair Penny and Elroy Ingersoll completed their high school course with the end of the semester and will probably be in attendance at the college next semester.

During examination week the cooking classes, under the direction of Miss Kempie, tendered two delightful dinners. The planning and serving of these counted as a part of the final examination.

The first, given on Tuesday evening, was given to the faculty of the school. A four course dinner was catered and served by the class. After the banquet, a track meet was held in the gymnasium and, for once, the faculty turned loose. The second, on the following evening, was given in honor of the school board and their wives. A very pretty color scheme in red and white was carried out and the light was furnished by candles. Perhaps the most unusual feature of this affair was the prettily decorated menu cards with the recipe for each of the various dishes served.

Both affairs were carried out with great credit to the planners.

WRIGHT SCHOOL

The community was shocked last Wednesday to hear of the death of Mrs. Millie Bigler. Her funeral was held Friday and she was laid to rest in the Wright cemetery beside the body of her husband. She leaves three little children. The family have the sympathy of the entire neighborhood.

Mrs. Joe Webb and children have returned from St. Clair where they have been living.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rockfellow spent Fred Johnson was at Summer Center one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grandy and children spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Matilda Webb.

Mr. Ike Church is very low at this writing.

Ruth Lentz and Virginia Leonard attended Sunday school at Forest Hill Sunday.

Mrs. Lottie Adams is spending a month with her mother at Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ely Wolf entertained about 80 friends and neighbors Friday evening. The evening was spent in dancing and playing cards, after which a bountiful lunch was served. A fine time is reported.

Matt Johnson has taken the job of hauling the gravel for the Ellison block.

Mr. and Mrs. Stitt are spending the week in Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Vancore of Pompeii, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Giles Isham.

PRETTY TRAPPINGS WORN IN CHILDHOOD'S LAND



There is nothing to stand in the way of enterprising mothers or fond aunts who want to go ahead with the children's sewing right now and get it out of the way before spring is here. The materials they need are in the stores, and styles for spring have been determined upon; many of them are on exhibition. For school and play, cotton and wool fabrics are shown, most of them familiar to everyone, and in addition there are some novelty weaves that merit attention—such as kasha cloth and heavy crepe cottons in several patterns. The little ones have about the same choice of materials for work and play frocks that their elders have.

For dress-up times and party frocks, their range is narrower. Crepe de chine, georgette and tulle, in subtle organdies, dotted swiss, net, lace and voiles in cottons, make a library equal to all needs of little folk. These materials are shown in white and colors. Styles in dresses are shown.

Julia Bottomley

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EMPRESS GRAND RAPIDS

Week Com. Mon. Mat. Feb. 6, 1922

MAKE WAY THERE, BOYS!

Here's the Man You All Want to See

BABE RUTH (HIMSELF)

The Hero of the Base Ball World, Champion Home-Run Hitter, Will Appear (in Person) with

WELLINGTON (DUKE) CROSS AND DEAN MOORE

In a Satirical Home-Run by Tommy Gray

"THAT'S GOOD"

BIG ALL-KEITH PROGRAM

A REGULAR EMPRESS BILL RESIDES

SECURE SEATS EARLY NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

We Are Normalizing in HARDWARE

You will be convinced by asking for our

New Spring Prices

Some February Specials Enroute

Winchester six auger bit set for	Wear-Ever 7in. Aluminum Fry Pan
75c	49c
Mirror Aluminum 3 Qt. Sauce Pan with cover	One Full Qt. U. S. A. Polish—for
89c	50c

EARL C. CLAPP

—Say you saw it advertised in The Record.

ELWELL

Chas. Fisher and son, Raymond, were Alma caller Thursday.

Walter Mallory is on the sick list. Mrs. Williams is entertaining her mother this week.

Henry Sandel was a business caller in Alma Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Baker and family of Stanton, are visiting here with relatives and friends.

Wm. Ball was an Alma caller Thursday.

Ray Miller, of Breckenridge, is moving his family on the Reil Mc-Namara farm.

Mrs. Al Tompkins, of Alma, called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Singluff Thursday.

Hal Northrop is moving his family on the Chas. Medler place.

The dance, Wednesday evening, at the L. O. O. F. hall was well attended. Mr. and Mrs. Roberson were Alma callers Thursday.

Mrs. Arthur Apple and little niece of Breckenridge, visited a few days at the home of Wm. Bissell.

IS YOUR BUSINESS SLOW?

Get Into One
Good for \$6,000 to
\$12,000 A Year!

Many men anxious to change into a good profitable business have found their opportunity through Elektrik-Maid Bake Shops. Today they own prosperous businesses without having known a thing about the bakery business before. The constantly these men found in here in Alma for you if you get. No previous baking experience needed; we supply all equipment and information. A cash business; no charges; no deliveries; your profits in the till every night. Good for \$6,000 a year. Exclusive territory. There are still many good towns in Michigan open, but territory is being taken rapidly and prompt action is necessary. If you want to get into a real paying business.

Write or Wire Us Today for full particulars. Act now for exclusive rights in Alma.

Elektrik-Maid Bake Shops
321 CEDAR STREET—ST. PAUL, MINN.

THE RUB NO MORE ELEPHANTS ARE HERE

Highest and Best Yet

THE MAIN SHOW

The Rub-No-More Elephants will show you how much easier it is to get rid of your clothes.

On the line at 7:00 p.m. at least 44

At your convenience about 10:00 p.m. with no admission charge

Mr. Grocer Ask Your Jobber For Special Offer

RUB NO MORE CO., FT. WAYNE, IND.



Here's Help!

A new food with a 'Spendthrift' flavor and a 'Penny-wise' cost

AS we go around the country talking with women on household subjects we find this question in the very front of their minds:

"With purses shrinking the way they are this year, what can help us to give our families wholesome delicious foods?"

Brednut gives real aid in one important direction. It provides a delicious economical spread for bread. Its flavor is so fresh and delicate that even mere men become enthusiastic about it.

It's made from pasteurized milk and rich tropical nuts.

Can you resist Brednut when you know its delightful ingredients. The richness of tropical nuts—brought from far off islands! Pasteurized milk from healthy cows! Blended under careful supervision in spotless rooms. These ingredients make Brednut—the most delicate bread spread you ever tasted.

We certainly wish that every woman could see Brednut made. Every household then would have a new idea of bread-spread purity. All would understand, even without reading the Government bulletins, why such a food is so high in energy value; why it is so highly digestible. Why children love it.

Remember this about Brednut. It comes to you in a pound pat of purest white. You can not only taste but actually see its perfect purity. You can quickly color Brednut to a golden yellow with wholesome vegetable materials which your grocer gives you.

BREDNUT

The delicious new spread for bread
(Made from pasteurized milk and rich tropical nuts)

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